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FRONT COVER: Light shafts and orange guardrails punctuate the upstairs corridor in Richard W. Riley Hall. Front and back cover photographs by Richard Mandelkorn.

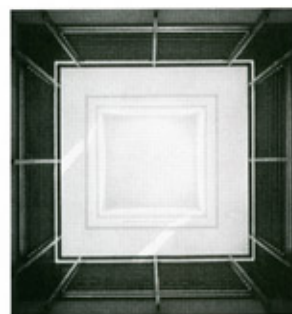
2 A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT
As he completes his first few months as the tenth president of Furman, David Shi describes some of his initial thoughts about leading the university into the twenty-first century.



4 A NEW ADVENTURE
This time last year it had never occurred to Susan Thomson Shi that she would soon become Furman's first lady.
By Marguerite Hays



8 A PERSONAL MATTER
We are responsible first of all for our immediate surroundings, not The Fate of the Earth.
By David Rutledge



16 VISUAL THEMES AND ECHOES
With its bright colors and playful spirit, Richard W. Riley Hall for mathematics and computer science has set a new standard for campus buildings. By R. Olof Sorensen

24 OTHER VOICES
By introducing different points of view into their courses, Furman professors give students a chance to confront issues they may face in a multicultural society. By Jim Stewart



30 THE ARAN ISLANDS
Despite intrusions from the modern world, these beautiful islands off the coast of Ireland still retain vestiges of a simpler time. By Willard Pate

36 JUST LILLIAN
As teacher, politician and community leader, Lillian Brock Flemming exudes warmth and good humor. By Terry Walters



Susan and I count ourselves profoundly lucky to have been asked to help lead our alma mater into the twenty-first century. We have been blessed beyond mere good fortune and are truly excited about the future of this great university.

This past summer I had the pleasure of attending alumni gatherings in Greenville, Atlanta, Nashville, Knoxville, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Miami, Richmond and Washington, D.C. It was exhilarating to witness the uncommon dedication of the many alumni and parents who serve the university in so many ways. The extended Furman family is alive and flourishing!

One of my first major goals as the new president is to help the Furman community develop an animating vision for the future. In the aftermath of the traumatic divorce from the Baptist Convention, the university needs to reassess what it is and why it is; it needs to recall where it has come from and reflect upon where it should be going. In coming months, therefore, we will design a process whereby all elements of the Furman family can contribute to a new strategic plan that will prepare us for the opportunities and uncertainties of the future.

In the meantime, I am following Yogi Berra's advice: "You can hear a lot just by listening." I spend a lot of time listening to alumni, students, and members

of the faculty and staff discuss Furman and its future. Their common message is that Furman is a very good college on the brink of being a spectacular college. It is a wonderful place for young people to decide who and what they are going to be.

While justifiably proud of the university's heritage and its accomplishments, we are neither content nor

complacent. Our collective challenge is to retain Furman's distinctive virtues and texture while at the same time improving all that we do.

Let me share with you some of my initial thoughts about what it will take for Furman to reach new standards of excellence. We must build upon the university's acknowledged strengths — a beautiful campus, loyal alumni, dedicated employees, an array of luminous teachers and excellent academic departments, close student-faculty

relationships, and exceptional extracurricular programs in music, social service, religious life, foreign study and athletics. The university must also reaffirm its historical commitment to liberal learning within an ecumenical setting that encourages students, faculty and staff to grow in faith at the same time that they grow in knowledge.

To its everlasting credit, Furman still believes that learning should be respected for its own sake and that a capacity for delight in the life of the mind is indis-



pensable to a liberally educated person. The university is blessed with a faculty who daily manifest our emphasis on stimulating teaching and accessibility to students. As we work to enlarge our applicant pool and strengthen our academic programs, we need to continue to recruit and retain the finest professors in the country. We also need to increase our annual support for the library and the academic departments, and to enrich our already strong programs associated with international studies.

I also hope that more of our students will take advantage of out-of-class learning opportunities such as student-faculty research projects, internships or participation in a foreign study program. In addition, I want even more students to participate in the Collegiate Educational Service Corps (CESC).

We must also attract funding and establish priorities for a variety of building projects: John E. Johns Hall, a new academic building that will house the departments of political science, psychology and sociology; major additions to the James B. Duke Library, the Watkins Student Center and the Lay Physical Activities Center; apartment-style dormitories for juniors and seniors; an Alumni House on campus; a permanent theatre building and a multi-purpose convocation center.

Perhaps our most important challenge is to accelerate the flow of unrestricted annual giving from alumni and friends. Furman, like most colleges and universities, has entered a period of fiscal austerity. Declining rates of tuition increases, the perennial need for more and better computers, skyrocketing costs of financial aid and building maintenance needs, as well as the continuing effects of the loss of the annual appropriation (over \$1.6 million) from the South Carolina Baptist Convention, have combined to hamper our efforts to strengthen the educational experience at Furman. So far, we have been able to replace only about half of the lost Baptist money.

In the near term, this means we are going to con-

tinue to find creative ways to contain costs and to do more with less. In the long run, however, it means that our alumni and friends must play an even greater role in lifting Furman to new levels of accomplishment.

Each of us develops a different sense of appreciation for alma mater, and we show our affection in different ways. In addition to your financial support, the university can benefit from your ideas, your energy and your involvement — recruiting students, participating in alumni clubs, identifying potential donors, helping to locate internships for our students and jobs for our graduates, and providing suggestions to improve the Furman experience. You will always find a listening ear when you call or write me about your ideas to help Furman improve.

When I imagine the ideal college, I see Furman — a community of bright people and elegant structures nestled within a pastoral setting, yet deeply involved in the larger world. I envision a deeply rooted place where students are encouraged to cultivate a lifelong curiosity about ideas and at the same time develop a personal philosophy and design a way of life. I also imagine a community where history, tradition, civility, and concerns of the spirit and social justice still matter.

As I embark upon my tenure as the tenth president in Furman's history, I solicit the help and prayers of every one of you. Susan and I know from personal experience that a Furman education can have a profound impact on young people. By working together and focusing our collective ideas and resources, we can ensure that this remains true. And in the process we can all help the university reach its almost unlimited potential.

David E. Shi



A NEW



*Energetic,
vivacious and
friendly,
Susan Shi
is perfectly
suited for her
new role as
Furman's
first lady.*

Until you meet Susan Shi, you may wonder who could possibly keep up with David Shi, the new president of Furman. After all, at age 43 he has already taught history at Davidson College for 17 years and chaired the department, written four books and co-authored another, and served as academic vice president and dean at Furman, acquiring along the way a reputation for having boundless energy. Yet when you talk with Susan, you realize it's more a question of who's keeping up with whom.

"Susan is relentlessly energetic and enthusiastic," says David. "She's a doer. Two years ago, when I was uncertain about whether to give up a wonderful situation at Davidson, it was Susan who nudged me off the fence of ambivalence and said, 'Let's do it!'"

A petite brunette with a lovely smile, Susan is just the opposite of her husband in appearance. While he is tall and fair, she is lightly tanned and at five feet one inch comes up just to his shoulder. Yet they are much alike. Both are very bright. Both are high achievers who seem to excel at everything they do. And both are utterly committed to their family, their professions and their alma mater.

A leader in her own right, Susan served as vice president and secretary of student government at Furman. She was Orientation director, Program Board chair and a member of the President's Student Advisory Council and Senior Order. Before graduating *cum laude* in 1971, she received two major awards for scholarship and leadership: the Winston Babb Award and the American Legion Medal.

"I know of no one who was more involved in campus activities," says Betty Alverson, director of Watkins Student Center, with whom Susan worked on various Collegiate Educational Service Corps projects. "If I were naming the top 10 women I have known at Furman, Susan would be one of them."

After leaving Furman, the Shis continued to play an active role in Furman affairs. They often hosted alumni gatherings in their home in Davidson, N.C.,

and served as class agents. In addition, Susan has been a member of the Alumni Board of Directors for the past five years. She was also a Sunday school teacher and active in the PTA and other organizations in Davidson.

While David devoted his energies to higher education, Susan taught and worked as an administrator in the public schools. Although her career was interrupted several times by family responsibilities, she managed to earn a master's degree in education from Furman, administrative certification from the University of North Carolina at Charlotte and a Ph.D. in education from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She was associated with middle schools in South Carolina, Virginia and North Carolina.

After Jason and Jessica were born, in 1978 and 1980, Susan took several years off to be a full-time mother. When she returned to public education in 1981 as the assistant principal of Hartsell Middle School in Concord, N.C., she was one of only a few women who held administrative school positions in the Cabarrus County System. This period of work was followed by a six-year sabbatical during which she pursued her doctoral degree at Chapel Hill. In 1990, Susan became the instructional program coordinator at Concord Middle School, a position she held for three years before leaving North Carolina.

Susan explains that she and David have always shared family and parenting responsibilities, each assuming the primary role as schedules would allow. For instance, when she first began work as an assistant principal, Jason and Jessica were only 3 and 1 1/2 years old. Because she had to leave the house very early in the morning, David would get the children up, feed and dress them, and take them to day care. In the afternoon he would pick them up before she got home.

"Fortunately," David observes, "the good folks in the history department at Davidson were willing to adjust my schedule so I could take care of the kids during the years when Susan's daily routine was much more rigidly scheduled than my own. Susan has done a marvelous

ADVENTURE

BY
MARGUERITE
HAYS

Susan Shi explores the grounds and gardens of her new home, White Oaks.



job of balancing family responsibilities with her own professional development. She has found the secret of combining domesticity with a career, a secret that is often elusive in this hectic and confused period in which we live."

David also believes Susan's work in middle schools has enhanced the ways in which she deals with their own children. "She has displayed keen insight into our own kids' behavior as they've gone through the turbulence of adolescence. She's been a pillar of consistency and patience with them."

When the Shis moved back to Greenville in the summer of 1993, Susan felt it was again time to concentrate on the family and decided to postpone looking for a job until they were settled in their new surroundings. Jason and Jessica, then 14 and 13, were entering new schools in a new town and David was starting a

new job as vice president for academic affairs and dean at Furman. Susan knew that David's daily schedule would be rigid and demanding.

"I think I had a good feeling for what David's first year as dean would be like," she says. "As instructional coordinator at Concord Middle School, I had dean-like responsibilities in that I, too, worked with the entire faculty and administrative staff. During the course of each day, people were trying to see me every minute, so I knew exactly what David was getting into."

Susan says she has been grateful for her decision not to seek employment this past year. "It's been even more difficult than I imagined to move into a new home, become acquainted with a new community, adjust to a new daily routine, and re-settle teen-agers."

Now, a year later, comfortably settled at Furman and in the Greenville community, the Shis face new adjustments as they take on the role of being Furman's first family. For Susan, this means selling the home they had just designed and built and moving the family into White Oaks (the president's home bequeathed to the university by Mrs. Charles E. Daniel in 1992). It means creating a comfortable, informal family setting amid valuable antiques and ornate works of art. It means hosting and attending countless Furman events on campus, in Greenville and out of town.

Since there was no living space for children at White Oaks, the unused sec-

ond floor of the east wing has been renovated to provide bedrooms for Jason and Jessica. The indoor garage will be made into a family room, a small kitchen and a dining area where the family can relax away from the formal part of the house.

Susan is enthusiastic about her new role as Furman's first lady. She plans to continue to make the president's home available for a variety of Furman functions. "I truly look forward to getting to know all members of the college community and to sharing the beauty of White Oaks with them. My love for Furman makes it easy for me to join David in this wonderful adventure."

The many responsibilities associated with being Furman's first lady — not to mention being the mother of teen-agers — mean that Susan will postpone full-time employment. Although she is not yet sure how she will sustain her professional interests, she hopes to do some consulting and volunteer work. She has already agreed to serve on the board of the Alliance for Quality Education in Greenville, an organization that provides supplemental financial support in the form of grants for teachers in the Greenville community.

"I hope to maintain some contact with public education," Susan says. "Teachers work so hard, yet they receive inadequate





public support for what they do. I have always returned to work in the public schools because I feel that's where I'm most needed and that's where I can make a difference for teachers. I hope to continue to help teachers and students, although I may do so in other ways now."

Besides their love for Furman, the Shis were drawn back to Greenville by their desire to be near their families. David's parents, Joe and Evelyn Shi, moved to Greenville several years ago after his father retired from a career in advertising and college teaching in Georgia. Susan's parents, Dell and Barham Thomson, returned to their hometown of Landrum, S.C., in 1983, after living in Jacksonville, Fla., for 35 years. Susan's sister, Linda Lee Williams, also lives in Landrum with her husband and children.

Looking back over the unexpected events of the past year, Susan can scarcely believe what has happened. "Never did we envision this turn of events. It wasn't until last March, when the presidential search committee asked to interview David and me, that I seriously considered the possibility that he could become Furman's next president. But as events rapidly progressed, I came to feel that it was simply meant to be. I'm thrilled for David. The support from everyone has been incredible. We've certainly felt embraced by the entire Furman community. For David and me, it's like a fairy tale come true."

Although her career plans must now be revised, Susan is preparing for the role

Susan supervises the renovation of the second floor of the east wing of White Oaks to provide bedrooms for Jason and Jessica.

of first lady as thoroughly as she has prepared for other positions. "Luckily," she says, "Bea Plyler, Elizabeth Blackwell and Martha Johns are all living within a half mile of White Oaks. They are wonderful women, superb role models and dear friends. While each has provided valuable advice (when requested), they also insist that I make my own way and set my own agenda. I'm eternally grateful for their presence and insight."

Those who know Susan Shi believe she will bring special strengths to the position of first lady. "Susan is a person of great integrity," says Betty Alverson. "She will sound a high moral note."

Ron McKinney '70, a Greenville attorney who was president of the student body when Susan served as secretary, says she was a hard worker, unassuming and always upbeat. "She is attractive inside and out. I know she will bring these attributes to her new position."

President Emeritus Gordon Blackwell, who has admired Susan since she served on his student advisory council, describes her as "captivating, vivacious, and a person with a mind of her own. As fourth in a line of Furman first ladies whom I have known rather well, she will bring understanding, graciousness, dignity and humility to her position. I think I could safely say that the last four presidents 'out married' themselves!" □

The real problem
of ecology is the inner question
of how we ought to live.



DAVID RUTLEDGE

A PERSONAL MATTER

BY DAVID RUTLEDGE

Sometimes we learn the simplest truths while traveling far from home. This was borne out to me last January when I found myself riding a bus at rush hour into

downtown Athens, a short time after our Furman group arrived in Greece.

In one sense the ride was a perfect beginning to a trip that would also take us to Israel and East Africa. Cars, buses, motorcycles and pedestrians careened past, just avoiding catastrophe. The noise of honking horns competed with the heavily accented English of the guide who was pointing out sights along the way. Every street presented fascinating images too numerous to take in — pastry shops, small newspaper kiosks, unreadable signs promising adventure, the people on the crowded streets looking fairly ordinary, and yet different enough to cause you to think, "These are not Americans, and I am not in South Carolina."

But as we entered the car-choked heart of Athens, and the strange unreality of the ancient Acropolis suddenly rose up above the billboards, we began to feel uneasy. We had not expected such street-strangling traffic, which soon slowed us to a crawl, then to a creep. As we inched

along we were able to notice the thick gray film that seemed to cover everything, the sooty residue of the unceasing auto exhaust and low-grade heating fuels. When we finally emerged from a small street into the great garden around the Temple of Olympian Zeus, we saw that the mountains in the distance — mountains with magical names like Hymettos and Parnassus — were made almost invisible by the hydrocarbon haze that hung over the city. A final surprise occurred when the bus reached our hotel, and we stepped out onto the street and into the strong, acrid smell of ozone that would become one of our saddest, most enduring memories of Athens.

Few of the 42 in our group expected a metropolis of two million people to be squeaky clean, but Athens has become one of the most heavily polluted cities in Europe, decried even by the Greeks themselves for the "plague" of smog which makes living there increasingly difficult. And surely much of our surprise and confusion at the city's grime was precisely because this was Athens, the "lovely Aegean city of blue skies and shining

white marble." One of the fountainheads of Western culture, the city where democracy began, where philosophy, drama and history attained their first great maturity in Europe, was now in what seemed to be a terminal state, choking to death on noxious fumes.

That bus ride was the beginning of an education in the environmental problems of countries supposedly less developed than the United States. Over the following weeks, we talked about the roadside trash of Greece, about how much efficient garbage collection costs, and what a difference it makes in one's surroundings. We drove among new settlements in Israel and the West Bank that testified to the increasing, unrelenting pressure for housing and space that has intensified the conflicts between Israelis and Palestinians, and that has driven traditional Bedouin peoples and their flocks onto barren, marginal land. In Kenya, we witnessed the appalling shanty towns that have grown up around Nairobi because the problems of population growth and refugees are of such magnitude that they have defied solution. And in Tanzania, as

A thick cloud of hydrocarbon haze hangs over Athens, obscuring the distant mountains.

in Israel and Kenya, we felt the terrible problem of drought, where the absence of the scant rain that normally falls means death for animals on the great plains, and even less food for the farmers who tend their dry and dusty fields.

All of us, like most Americans, knew something of "the ecological crisis"; but until one leaves the green and leafy haven that Furman provides and lives for a while among people who are not so fortunate, the "crisis" is just a concept in a book, something that never sinks in. A visit to Athens, like a visit to strip-mined regions of Kentucky or the petrochemical plants of northern New Jersey, helps one to appreciate the urgency of a U.S. State Department report of a few years ago that said flatly: "Time is running out for international action to prevent a starving, overcrowded, polluted, resource-poor world." Or it makes it easier to hear the warning of theologian Jurgen Moltmann that the environmental crisis "is a crisis of life on this planet, a crisis so comprehensive and so irreversible that it can not unjustly be described as apocalyptic."

There are many others, however, especially in the United States, who would argue that Moltmann's talk of apocalypticism — the end of the world — is wildly hysterical, that there is no "ecological crisis," that the issue has been cooked up by the media or by counter-culture critics left over from the sixties. One writer, James Schall, has called ecology "an American heresy" because, he claims, it attacks technology, cities, the future — even human beings themselves — resulting in a dangerous loss of confidence. Richard John Neuhaus argues that "the project of greening America is obscene so long as vast areas of the world are parched by war and famine. . . ." Others suggest that warnings about human population growth, which seem so natural after seeing cities like Cairo or Mexico City, are really arguments for abortion; still others say that focusing attention on nature leads to worshipping trees and vegetation gods.

Such issues frame the current environmental debate, and it is not surprising

that many find it difficult to see clear answers to the questions being raised. Perhaps this debate simply reveals that we are beginning a new phase in Western culture, and history teaches us that a fear of the new often appears at moments of significant social change. There were, for example, those who knew that civilization would end when people ceased being ruled by kings; others were sure that Christianity would fail if Bibles were printed in a language other than Latin; many were convinced that the American South would be ruined forever if slavery were abolished; and others, more re-

tive in our dealings with the natural world, and that there are so many of us around now that the problem is serious. But they also know the truth of Wendell Berry's claim that "the most destructive of ideas is that extraordinary times justify extraordinary measures."

Such an idea has sometimes accompanied totalitarian solutions that proved to be worse than the social problems they were intended to solve. What should concern us is not so much that the human and natural worlds face real and staggering environmental challenges, but that our thinking about them tends to leave

out the central question of character. Ecology may be more about the garbage can in my kitchen, my purchasing habits, the way I keep my yard, or the way I keep my sanity, than about the abstract problem of what "they" should do about Brazilian rain forests or the Chernobyl disaster. External disasters must be connected to internal values; the real problem of ecology is the inner question of how we ought to live.

Take our habit of refusing to confront unpleasant issues, like the abuse of nature. We often claim that we cannot affect so great a problem, we have no power capable of influencing others, and

DAVID RUTLEDGE



Acid rain and other kinds of air pollution have so eroded the sculpted figures on the Parthenon that many of them have been moved to museums for preservation.

cently, insisted that society would collapse if women were allowed to vote.

So it is not surprising to find R.V. Young claiming that the "neo-paganism" of environmentalism will lead to authoritarian governments which will enact "the more violent and brutal schemes of ecologically minded social planners." Such lack of faith in humanity and the future is not new, nor will it change the truth of our situation: people are being called at this point in history to re-think their relation to nature.

Fortunately, there are many in America — laypersons as well as scholars, scientists and non-scientists, religious and non-religious people — who are quietly finding a middle road in this debate that leads to addressing the destruction of the environment as a fundamental problem, without thereby rejecting the values of the Western tradition, or plain common sense. Those on this middle road accept the truth of what they experience — that we can be thoughtlessly destruc-

therefore the problem should be taken to someone else's doorstep, someone more able to act. Perhaps the truth is that we actually are afraid of discovering that we do have such power, that ordinary people like us are the only thing that has ever caused lasting social change. Such a discovery, however, entails painful self-examination and commitment to a new way of life, and we are not big on commitment.

Another of our habits is blaming others. If there is a major social problem, it must be someone else's fault — the government or big business, feminists or domineering males, protesting blacks or know-nothing conservatives — but never us, and our way of life. We expect some group or institution outside ourselves to solve our difficulties, and not to charge us for doing it. We want our garbage taken away cheaply and invisibly, without having to grapple seriously with the enigma of why we produce so much more of it than the rest of the world (roughly 1,200 pounds a

year by each of the 258 million of us in this country).

Perhaps it would be more generous to say that we are still making up our minds about the environmental challenge. Revolutions in ways of thinking take a long time to percolate through a society; after all, it took the Roman Catholic Church almost 300 years to entertain the possibility that the earth does revolve around the sun, as Copernicus had said it did. And the theory of evolution seems destined for a long struggle to convince people that complex forms of life have arisen from simpler ones. In reality, however, both the environmental movement and the degradation of nature that provoked it go back deep into our past.

A host of new studies is showing that the roots of our concern for ecology actually extend as far back as the 18th century, when Gilbert White published *The Natural History of Selborne*. The English parson saw humans and nature co-existing in a harmonious arcadia, in which every part of nature admirably filled its niche, providing bounty and beauty to the grateful inhabitants of the land. In America, Henry David Thoreau continued this pastoral tradition in *Walden* (1854), although with more "bite" than the gentle parson.

Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* (1859) finally gave scientific grounding, for those who needed it, to an ecological vision of life by showing that the web of life reflects a common ancestry, although it is buried in the distant past. All living things are kin, part of the same extraordinarily extended family, and have developed in such close interaction with the natural world around them that their every feature — length of fur or color of petal, size of seed or number of offspring — is a sign of this interaction. After Darwin, despite disputes over his theory, the interrelatedness of life began to impress itself more and more upon Western understanding.

Ironically, in the last half of the 19th century railroads spread over the American continent, bringing the settlers who deforested huge tracts of land and the hunters who made the carrier pigeons extinct and killed all but a handful of the buffalo

that once roamed the Midwest and the Great Plains. This rapid destruction of a natural world of which people were just becoming aware produced the likes of John Muir, whose impassioned writings led to the founding of the Sierra Club and of Yosemite National Park. Between the deaths of Thoreau (1862) and Muir (1914), America had destroyed much of its natural heritage, but had also seemed to awaken to the dangers of what it was doing. Unfortunately, the awareness was short-lived, as the demands of two world wars and the Great Depression muted the call for environmental sensitivity. Only



Choked by cars, buses, motorcycles and pedestrians, the narrow streets of old Athens were not built to handle the traffic problems of a population of two million people.

after the urgencies of economic recovery and war preparedness were behind them could Americans begin to think again about how we were treating Mother Nature.

Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (1962) is generally considered the "wake-up call" that confronted scientists and alert laypersons with irrefutable evidence that the human impact upon the physical world was becoming alarmingly destructive, but it remained for environmentalists to take a step beyond the scientists by placing a concern for nature on the political agenda. Here is where the old-line ecologists met the new breed of environmentalists who connected the destruction of nature with the excesses of capitalism and gave a more radical, socialist slant to environmental debates.

The suspicion that many people today have of ecology stems from this volatile mix of groups, from Audubon Society members simply concerned with preserving wildlife, to Earth First! commandos

who occasionally sabotage lumberjacks' equipment or power stations in a form of "eco-terrorism," to the Greenpeace activists who place their boats between whaling ships and whales, adding a new wrinkle to "non-violent resistance." That many of these groups are impractical, unrealistic and self-absorbed enables observers to dismiss the entire movement, but says nothing about the truth of our treatment of nature or about the multitude of responsible groups that are also active. Why should environmentalism have called forth such a rag-tag bunch of advocates? Why do we not have a "respect-

DAVID RUTLEDGE

able" environmental lobby, on the order of the American Medical Association, or the S.P.C.A.?

It seems that the depth of concern for nature in our society has overrun conventional channels for such concern. America still does not provide a way for people to deal with the reality which they can see with their own eyes (and feel with those eyes, in the case of air pollution), and which is reported to them increasingly by the scientific community. Ecology is still "unhoused" in American society, homeless and wandering. If the mainstream

of society will not commit to the cause, then more extreme groups will enter the vacuum and gain control over the debate.

Not only the ecological movement, but the societal patterns that created such problems — air pollution, toxic wastes, water pollution, destruction of habitats and species, ozone depletion, etc. — began long ago, and are not due solely to some feature of our immediate situation. In fact, it was in Athens about 375 B.C. that the philosopher Plato lamented the disappearance of the trees from the hills of Attica: "In comparison of what then was, there are remaining only the bones of the wasted body . . . for although some of the mountains now only afford sustenance to bees, not so very long ago there were still to be seen roofs of timber cut from trees growing there, which were of a size sufficient to cover the largest houses. . . ." One wonders if the air of modern Athens would be cleaner if the mountains nearby were still covered with forests that could remove carbon dioxide



CHARLIE REGISTER

from the air, or if ancient Athenians shrugged off their destruction of trees with the quip, "If you've seen one olive tree, you've seen them all."

A few hundred years later, the great cities of the Roman Empire, such as Ephesus, began to suffer the dramatic effects of using up their forests to construct sailing ships. Ephesus was the fourth largest city of the Empire at one time, but by 500 A.D. its harbor had begun to silt up so badly as a result of runoff from the denuded hills nearby that the city rapidly lost population and importance. Once surrounded by oak forests, the ruins of Ephesus stand today a mile from the sea in what is virtually a desert landscape.

More recently, in 1661, John Evelyn wrote of the "fugitious and filthy vapors" in London air, caused by the burning of cheap coal. The pollution was so bad, Evelyn averred, that "the sun itself which gives day to all the world besides, is hardly able to penetrate and impart it . . . and the weary traveler, at many miles distance, sooner smells, than sees the city to which he repairs." In his work *Silva*, Evelyn mourned the "prodigious havoc" that had been wreaked on England's forests by the decision not only to "cut down, but utterly to extirpate, demolish, and raze . . . all those many goodly woods and forests which our more prudent ancestors left standing." The loss of timber was such a threat to the building of the Royal Navy that the crown instituted policies to try to protect remaining forests.

Clearly, the roots of our current problems run deep. But our ancestors also reveal some surprising perceptions of nature, which fostered attitudes that shaped their behavior toward nature in radically different ways. Native Americans, for example, were fully involved with the earth in hunting, fishing, gathering or growing food, such that every aspect of their culture was directly dependent upon and related to the land and living things. For them, it would have been impossible to look at nature simply as an economic commodity — so many acres or boardfeet to sell, so many fur pelts that would bring a certain price on the market.

The Native American view revered nature as an intimate partner of humans, a view which today probably seems somewhat exotic and childlike to most urban Americans. Much more familiar to us are



Devastated by clear-cutting, an unsightly piece of land in Pickens County (above) contrasts sharply with the natural beauty of White Water Falls (opposite page). These falls and other scenic spots in the North and South Carolina mountains are endangered by encroaching development and the need for more electric power.

less sensitive perceptions of nature. The philosopher Aristotle declared that nature had made all plants for the sake of animals, and all animals were made for the sake of human beings. Jews and Christians agreed, merely substituting "God" for "nature": "God blessed them [humankind], and God said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth." (Genesis 1:28) This human-centered, or anthropocentric, perception of nature is not surprising in one sense — who else would humans see at the top of the natural pyramid? Unfortunately, some have used it to justify and legitimize thoughtless or destructive treatment of the earth and its inhabitants: "God gave it to us, it's ours, so we can do what we want with it."

The scientific revolution generated another view: that of nature as a machine, a clocklike structure made up of intricately fitted parts that worked

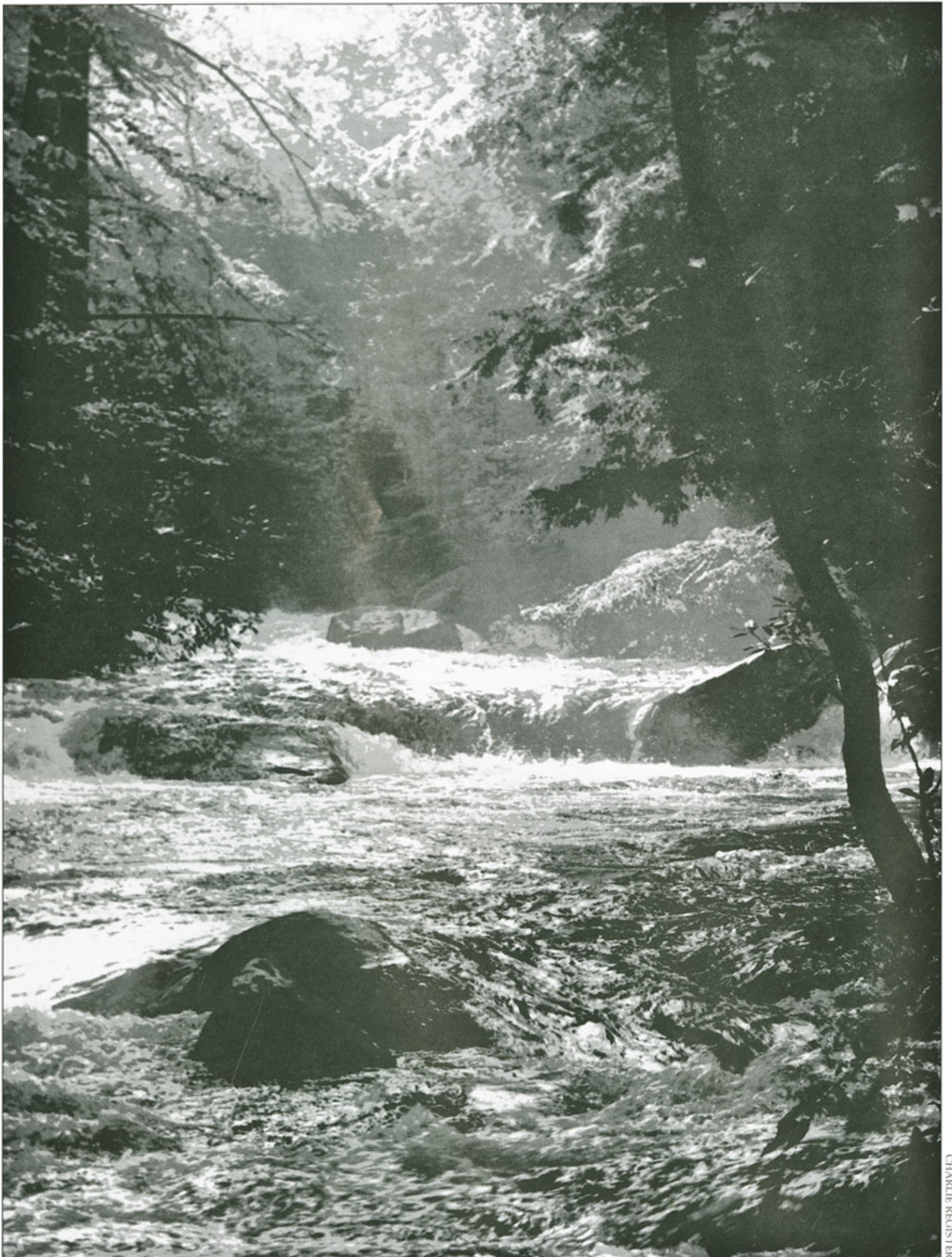
smoothly together to keep the earth going. The unfortunate side of this powerful imagery, of course, is that a machine is passive — it is made up of non-living parts which are under the complete control of human beings. But those who are at all sensitive to the natural world know it is not passive, it is not dead. The misleading feature of the textbook image of the human as a machine is that even an accurate, machinelike illustration of all of one's bodily systems does not make up an adequate understanding of the human person. All of the interesting things about us — our personality or imagination, our character, our idiosyncratic behavior — is left out of a "machine portrait."

Then there is the pragmatic view that nature exists to meet human needs and to advance human civilization. Gifford Pinchot, who organized the U.S. Forest Service, stated emphatically around 1900 that Americans should be proud of "the destruction of our natural resources so far as it has gone." Although it might seem paradoxical, he argued, it is the very overcoming of nature that has produced our nation's prosperity. This was a ringing endorsement of the pioneer spirit, and its logic was clear: human prosperity comes from using up our natural resources.

Where else could it come from?

Still others have based their attitude toward nature on religious conviction — and the God of Western religion has seemed to many to be particularly hostile to nature.

When I entered divinity school 25 years ago, a common way of summarizing the Jewish and Christian traditions was to describe "the mighty acts of God" as God interacted with ancient Israelites and early Christians. The Bible was considered to be full of historical events — exodus from Egypt, taking the Promised Land, founding a monarchy — which vividly demonstrated God's power and concern for humanity. Humans were called by God away from the earth; they were "in the world but not of the world." Nature was merely the stage upon which the human drama of salvation was to be carried out. God had written the script, humans were the main actors, and everything else was mere stage decoration for a performance which humans, at least, always found fascinating.



CHARLIE REGISTER

With this picture in their heads, many Christians were thoroughly bewildered by the first Earth Day in 1970, when a strong interest in planet Earth began to surface in America. Who could be against a movement for pure air and water, for protecting endangered animals, for cleaning up toxic waste dumps? And yet there was precious little place in Christian theology for such activities. Indeed, many Christians saw environmentalism as a sinister plot to substitute Nature-worship for worship of God, and they refused to examine the issue more thoroughly. The picture of a transcendent God, occupying some heavenly zone far above the earth, calling human beings away from the earth into the heavenly city, was so familiar, so enshrined in hymns and memories, that it could not be given up.

However, when one looks carefully at the Jewish and Christian traditions, one finds a wealth of ways to explore God's close relation to the natural world. In addition to creating and sustaining the earth throughout the biblical story, God reveals holiness through natural forces — divided seas, burning bushes, manna in a wilderness, plagues of frogs and biting insects, clouds of light, whirlwinds, and so forth. The beauty and mystery of nature are extolled by the ancient Israelites. The most frequent vision of the good life in the Hebrew Bible is of the Promised Land, where the earth is "flowing with milk and honey," offering human beings the highest of joys: a long life lived in harmony with other people, with the good earth, and with God.

The New Testament assumes this same understanding, particularly in its affirmation that God entered into human flesh (the "incarnation" of God in Jesus), showing an ultimate solidarity with earthly reality. Paul states in Romans that the entire creation, not just human beings, waits longingly for liberation by God, and at the end of the Bible there is a vision of God creating a "new heaven and a new earth" out of the old. Thus the biblical tradition can be read as an affirmation of God's creation, giving Jews and Christians ample resources for developing an ecological theology which can harness the energy of faith to the needs of the time.

If we finally wake up to our moral and spiritual obligations to heal the earth,

where do we begin? The most important answer is "Begin locally." Don't feel that you have to run off to Washington, Brazil or Alaska to confront the demons of pollution. You are responsible first of all for your place, not for The Fate of the Earth. So begin in your own back yard. Many of the things you can do there, you already know. It's like the few extra pounds most of us carry around: we know it comes from eating too much of the wrong things, and then not getting enough vigorous exercise. But until we act on that simple knowledge, the weight stays on.

A short list of ways to begin might include:

Wean ourselves from petroleum. Not only have we forgotten the importance of

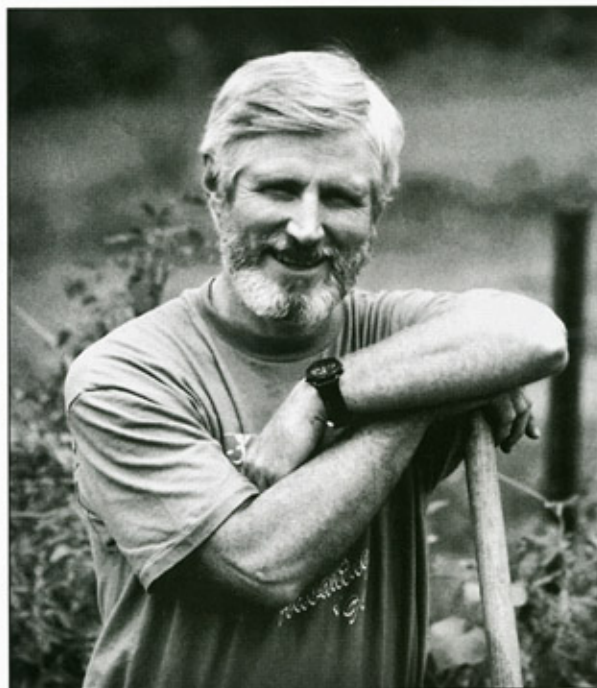
must be transported across a continent, causing us to ignore local produce that is available in season.

Recycle our wastes. Although the idea of recycling has been embraced by our society, the reality is not impressive. Our store shelves are filled with groceries in excessive, expensive packaging, and most of us get new bags each week to carry them home in. When we encounter difficulties in recycling glass, aluminum, paper and plastic, our enthusiasm flags, and we still send most of them to landfills or incinerators. A first step might be to buy things that are well made, rather than things designed to be obsolete in a few months. If you live in the Southeast, you live in a composter's heaven; try including kitchen scraps in with the leaves.

Kill your television. This isn't original with me, but I like it so much that I want to pass it along. I haven't had the nerve yet to carry out the dreadful deed, but I'm plotting. If we don't have the character to kill it, we should at least try turning it off for a long spell, a kind of "TV Sabbath," until we are sure we can live without it. Television is one of the greatest aids to consumerism.

Use it up; wear it out; make it do; do without. This is a creed of the recycling movement, as it would have been for our grandparents. It also runs directly counter to American economic culture. The advertising industry annually spends an estimated \$500 for every man, woman and child in the country, and it is not saying, "Buy only what you need." If we want to change our attitudes and behavior, we must ignore the conventional wisdom that tells us to "Shop 'til you drop!" Instead we might remember the words of English writer G.K. Chesterton: "There are two ways to get enough: one is to continue to accumulate more and more. The other is to desire less."

Practice resurrection. From Wendell Berry, farmer and poet, I borrow this last bit of advice, because one of the greatest obstacles to tackling ecological challenges is despair, the fear that we can't do it, the anxiety that it will cost too much. So we need to practice bringing things back to life, every day: living things in our yards, public areas of our communities, rivers and streams in our counties, our enthusiasm, our bodies, our marriages or relationships. Few things could be more pleasing or rewarding than renewing ourselves while focusing on saving our bit of earth for future generations. □



Religion professor David Rutledge tends his vegetable garden behind the Furman campus. His new book, *Humans and the Earth: Toward a Personal Ecology*, published by Peter Lang Publishing, Inc., of New York, grew out of a series of lectures he delivered at Rice University.

public transportation and car pools, of biking and walking, of increasing gas mileage and emissions controls on cars, but we have forgotten that it is the automobile that has shaped American cities, requiring that we have two or three cars to manage the shuttle between home, school, office, shops and doctors that are far distant from one another.

Eat lower on the food chain. What sense is there in eating too much of a food, like beef, that is ecologically and economically costly, and that is bad for our health? We can dig a garden, or at least become less addicted to exotic foods, like kiwi and macadamia nuts, that

The state of South Carolina preserves Middle Saluda River and the forests along its banks by limiting public access to camping and recreational areas in Jones Gap State Park.

SKYLIGHTS AND BRIGHT COLORS

VISUAL

AND OTHER ARCHITECTURAL

THEMES

SURPRISES DELIGHT THE EYE

AND

OF THOSE WHO ENTER

ECHOES

RICHARD W. RILEY HALL.

Reports varied. "Keeps you awake." "School bus yellow offices." "Black bathrooms?" "Sixteen custom colors in one room! How will we ever be able to match them?" "I feel like a child entering nursery school every morning." "I love it." "Doesn't go with the rest of the campus."

Riley Hall *does* go. It matches and it doesn't. Why should it match perfectly? Was the entire campus built at once, I ask? Doesn't this building, like the Roe Art Building, suggest history? That the campus should be experienced in time as well as in space? After all, the facade porthole repeats the circular medallion of the library as well as the

BY R. OLOF SORENSEN

Richard W. Riley Hall is similar to other buildings on campus in some ways and in some ways it is not. For instance, the facade porthole (seen from inside the building at right) repeats the circular medallion on the front of the library and the circular window on Plyler Hall. Yet the light monitors on the roof of Riley Hall seem to introduce a new theme. Designed by Perry Dean Rogers and Partners of Boston, the building was constructed for \$6.4 million and contains 34,000 square feet. It houses the departments of mathematics and computer science and the university Computer Center.







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Brightly painted walls and trim and a pink and purple spiral staircase transform a common stairwell into a visual delight (left). Upper level students conduct research in several computer labs, including one that allows students to collaborate on a single project (top). In the Computer Center, portholes provide a view of the university's mainframe computer (above left).

circular window of the facade of Plyler. The size and shape of Riley mirror Plyler. Note how the covered walkway of Plyler is echoed in the strangely open, detached "arcade" of Riley. And although the romantic "Gothik" skyline of Riley has been criticized as an introduction of a new theme into the Furman landscape, the basket arch form found in several Furman buildings (including Plyler) is a mainstay of these "Gothik" forms.

But at the same time this facade is different. Reminiscent perhaps of Michael Graves' postmodernist works, the almost traditional facade partially hides a very playful entrance behind its serious, colonnaded porch. We are surprised with a delightfully colorful postmodern entrance of raw green, blue green, pink, cream and baby blue, preparing us for what is to come as we step inside.

Open the door. A wonderful corridor of seating nooks, painted and plain concrete blocks, and huge round lights which repeat the exterior "porthole" stretches before us. Purple, gold, strong green and blue dance on walls and trim. As we walk, we enter a pool of light, and, looking up, discover that this corridor is not the horizontal experience we at first expected, but a vertical one as well. A three-story shaft, lined with brilliant yellow, turquoise and burnt orange, projects upward, bringing daylight into the center of the hallway. Some steps further on is a second shaft, a four-sided cone, yellow with turquoise and a pale dusty blue; this is followed by a third which repeats the first.

Both linear and vertical, this hallway has side punctuations as well. Don't miss the colorful exit doors in brilliant iridescent blue-green, dull dark hunter green, and grass green — a veritable Albers color study applied to architecture. Or the portholes

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The most spectacular room in Riley Hall is the mathematics lounge where students and professors can read and relax (right). The mathematics suite also includes a reception area (top left), a seminar room (bottom left), faculty offices and a scientific visualization computer lab. The skylight in the mathematics lounge seems to make the whole room glow (below).





which repeat not only the exterior forms, but our hallway lights too, and allow us to experience the relatively conventional classrooms and computer labs without entering.

Before climbing the stairs to the second floor, be sure to inspect the columned, elegantly curved reception area of the Computer Center. If you are my age you will feel as if you are experiencing the Art Deco decade afresh. And a quick run through the corridor has pleasant surprises, such as the juxtaposed dull and brilliant yellows and a huge round window (our porthole again) through which we can view the intestines of the computer works.

As we emerge from the Computer Center, and just as we are about to head upward, we note that one of those controversial bathrooms is immediately at hand. Don't miss it! In black, turquoise and stainless, it's nostalgically Art Deco (can a toilet inspire nostalgia?). Equally fun, the stairwell next door is playfully Disney World, and one is tempted to ask, can a stairwell be fun? Emphatically, yes! Shaped and molded with a plastic freedom, a purple and pink spiral stairway disappears into a brilliant green wall, while door frames in hunter green, steel beams in turquoise, the perennial porthole trimmed in pink, a fire red floor and more purple tile insets create an atmosphere that any adult who has kept part of the child should love.

If you can break away from that playful stairwell, you have arrived at the second floor. Note that the light shafts punctuating the corridor are even more fun and colorful here; the orange of the guardrails seems more intense. The real secret of enjoying this floor, however, is to somehow get a private tour of the inner workings of the math department. They insist that their



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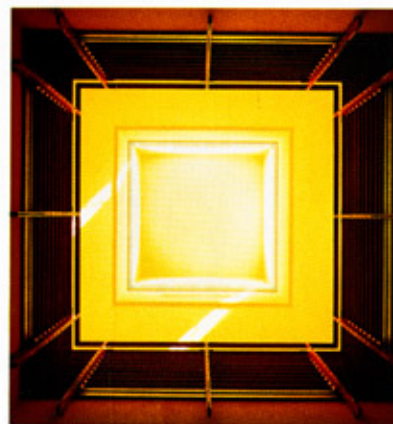
Computer science classes take on a new dimension in a tiered teaching amphitheater, where professors can incorporate multimedia and telecommunication experiences into their courses.

lounge sports 16 custom colors, but they apparently miscalculated as I counted only 15. And one of those sky cones separates their reception area and lounge, bringing daylight into both areas. On the far end of the corridor is the computer science department, not to be missed as well. Round lights and portholes in the brilliant Art Deco entry allow us to view the lounge/conference room and the outdoors at the same time.

During my second trip through the building someone said that it would certainly be nice to know what this building was about. I had usually not thought a building was about anything; in the words of Marshall McLuhan, "People never thought to ask what a melody was about, nor what a house was about. . . . In such matters, people retained some sense of the whole pattern, of form and function as a unity."

But perhaps this building is about something. It's about repeats, visual themes and echoes. It's also about history — Gothic Revival, Palladian Classicism and Art Deco. It's about eclecticism, a naughty word during the "modern" era when buildings were supposed to be pure form, not a mix of taste, of time, of space and materials. It's also about Furman, but not the Furman of 30 or 100 years ago, but rather the older Furman and the present Furman at the same time. Indeed, the Riley building is about simultaneity; simultaneity of diverse spaces, of a variety of times and a multitude of tastes which echo the multiplicity of tastes of our multileveled society. □

R. Olof Sorensen is professor of art and past chair of the art department.



The computer science conference room looks out over the fountains in front of the library (above). A series of squares frames a skylight when viewed from the hallway on the first floor (right).

**Furman
professors
hope to
expand
students'
horizons by
bringing new
perspectives
into the
classroom.**

OTHER VOICES

BY JIM STEWART

Ken Peterson's interest in issues of gender, race and ethnicity crosses both his professional and personal lives.

One of the Furman economics professor's academic specialties is population economics, which leads him to study a variety of cultures and ethnic groups. In recent years, he has also developed a sub-specialty in the economics of South Asia — an area of the world, he says, "where historically women haven't fared well." And last year, he and Furman student Yavor Efremov began an ongoing study of the quality of life in Greenville County in which they have examined economics on the local level — and found a number of inequities along racial lines.

Add to this a personal note: Peterson's wife, Chirinjev, who teaches economics at Greenville Tech, is a native of India. He says, "I have observed, with my white male, middle-class eyes, a difference in the way people react to my wife and me."

So when Furman received a generous grant from the Pew Charitable Trusts to support a three-year project to integrate more material on gender, race and ethnicity into its General Education courses, Peterson was a prime candidate to participate. This summer, he was one of eight Furman professors and five students who received Pew stipends to conduct research, re-examine their courses, and find ways to incorporate more nontraditional subject matter and teaching methods into their classes.

Peterson and departmental colleague Jean Horney focused on courses in

plines where the Pew grant made its mark this summer. Bill Blaker of the biology department worked with student Laurie Steitler to revamp his introductory biology course to incorporate more gender issues into both course content and laboratory procedures. Kimberley Barker helped David Spear of history and Elizabeth Hodgson of English examine the Humanities series, a yearlong set of courses on Western culture taught jointly by members of the history, religion and English departments, to develop more fully the themes of gender and ethnicity throughout the sequence. Tracey Rizzo of the history department was joined by Rebecca Deming in pursuing her interests in Caribbean history, with an eye toward including more information on the impact of European imperialism and the slave trade into her courses in Western Civilization and the French Revolution. Anne Leen, professor of classical languages, did research into ancient writings on women and various ethnic groups in Roman society. She plans to include readings on these topics in her intermediate Latin class.

Robin Visel of the English department took a somewhat different tack. With the assistance of Lisa Couch, Visel examined Third World and minority teaching methods so that she might move away from the "traditional Western, masculine classroom or lecture hall" and incorporate new teaching strategies into her classroom presentations. Her thinking echoes the university's position in its proposal to the Pew Charitable Trusts: "The multicultural dimension in education demands new teaching strategies, ones that get away from the teacher as lecturing authority and encourage dialogue and argument and student responsibility for learning."

Ultimately, these professors hope to invigorate their General Education courses, broaden their own and their students' perspectives, and share what they have learned with their colleagues. Says Jane Chew, associate professor of German and co-director of the Pew project, "The goal is to include more points of view in all our General Education courses at Furman and, by doing so, eventually to see more of a focus on gender, race and ethnicity in advanced courses."

It is also hoped that the Pew project will give Furman's essentially homogeneous student body — overwhelmingly white, predominantly Southern and, by their own admission, conservative both politically and religiously — a chance to expand their horizons and confront issues that they are likely to face in an increasingly multicultural society.

Microeconomics, Contemporary Economic Issues and Economic Growth and Development, with help from economics major Ali Rickard. Their work will also contribute to two special courses they plan to teach winter term, Peterson's on Population Economics and Horney's on Economics of Gender.

Economics is just one of several disci-



**"I have
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Ken Peterson

Granted, when words such as *gender*, *ethnicity* and *multicultural* are tossed around in academic circles, eyebrows are raised and the words *political correctness* often follow. But those who support the Pew project emphasize that it is not designed to impose anything on anyone; it is a program to help the Furman curriculum better reflect the real world. Further, they argue that because the academic canon is and always has been in flux, ever changing and evolving as new information and ideas are discovered and introduced, the Pew project is a natural part of an ongoing process.

The impetus for the Pew project began in 1989, when the faculty launched an extensive evaluation of the curriculum. The study found that although the traditional liberal arts program at Furman was essentially sound, it could benefit from some

modernization. There were concerns that the curriculum was adapting too slowly to changes in society, and that while almost half of a student's education consisted of General Education courses, they offered limited points of view. When discussed at all, issues of race, gender and ethnicity tended to be brought up separately, as additions to the course rather than as integral parts of the whole.

Shortly thereafter, Furman was one of 100 colleges invited by the Pew Charitable Trusts to be considered for a program called "Strengthening Teaching and Learning in the First Two Years." John Crabtree, then vice president for academic affairs and dean, and Bill Christie, former associate academic dean, encouraged the development of a proposal tied to gender, race and ethnicity; Chew and Marian Strobel of the history department, the program's other co-director, outlined its contours. Furman's proposal had a special flair, Chew says, because it spoke directly to course content. In the spring of 1993, Furman's was one of 17 projects funded.

The first stage featured visits from consultants and surveys of student attitudes about the General Education curriculum at Furman. The surveys showed that most students accepted the philosophy behind the General Education requirements — that they are designed to give students a broad understanding of different subjects and concepts and to help them develop their critical thinking and communication skills. When asked specifically about including material on gender, race and ethnicity in their courses, virtually all students were open to the idea, although some qualified their approval with statements like "as long as liberal professors don't force their ideas down my throat."

Students did indicate that they would prefer a wider range of options to satisfy the requirements. More critically, many juniors and seniors believed that few people at Furman — students, faculty or administrators — seemed to take the General Education courses seriously, and that they were just requirements to get out of the way before starting a major. Many thought that professors didn't like to teach them and students didn't enjoy taking them, and they indicated a clear desire for more stimulating learning experiences.

Chew believes the Pew grant can address this problem. "Some of the most exciting scholarly work being done today is in the areas of race, gender and ethnicity," she says. "New information and material are provoking a lot of self-examination within all academic



Most current economics texts overlook issues of race and gender. Jean Horney (left) and junior economics major Ali Rickard discuss textbooks that provide a more balanced approach.

disciplines as to what they should stand for, what they mean, and what they impart to and about society.

"And students find the material interesting, not just because it is new but because in many cases it conflicts with their preconceived notions or with traditional viewpoints. They tend to pay more attention when they see controversy."

Ken Peterson and Jean Horney hope to take advantage of Internet and other newly available technology on campus by introducing more active learning opportunities into the classroom. Their plans recently received a major boost when the Department of Economics and Business Administration secured a grant to set up its own computer classroom.

Says Peterson, "We'll be able to use Internet to tie directly into the Bureau of Labor Statistics or the Census Bureau and apply concrete examples to academic theory. We'll have at our fingertips the data to study the work force, to analyze

why women make up 98 percent of early childhood educators but less than 10 percent of engineers. We can look at Greenville County and examine why the infant mortality rate for African-Americans is so much higher than for whites. What in the economic or social system produced that result?"

We're talking relevance here, says Peterson. "A prevailing attitude about General Education courses among students is, 'Why do I have to know this?' We're examining our course priorities and asking, 'What do we want students to remember?'"

Both Horney and Peterson agree that in changing the way they do things, they're likely to discuss fewer subjects and cut back on detail. The payoff, they believe, is that students will retain more of what they cover. Says Horney, "With the Pew grant, we have the luxury to concentrate on these issues and come up with exercises and applications we can use in the principles courses."

Horney acknowledges that some of her colleagues on the faculty are skeptical about the goals of the Pew program. They question whether certain material is worthy of intellectual study and discussion, especially at the expense of other tried-and-true topics. She says, "There is only

so much time in these courses, and you do need to cover the basics. But we're also looking at how the courses are taught, how students perceive the information. We're trying to make the courses more real and interesting and still maintain their rigor and legitimacy."

Her course in Economics of Gender, although new to Furman, is not new to her; she taught it with a colleague at Converse College 15 years ago. It looks closely at such subjects as family lifestyles, the effect of the rising divorce rates and declining birth rates on the economy, occupational segregation and wage comparisons. Many of these topics automatically incorporate issues of race and ethnicity.

Both Horney and Peterson agree that, in the past, basic economics courses tended to give only tangential notice to issues of race, gender and ethnicity. The Pew grant has given them the time and the means to re-evaluate their approach. Says Peterson, "For most of us, issues such as poverty or wage differentials come up at the end of the course, maybe for one day. But these are issues that interest students — they're real to them. So we're looking to find ways to incorporate them and, as a result, to enliven discussion and improve critical thinking."

When the Pew committee conducted its student surveys, juniors and seniors said their favorite General Education course was the Humanities sequence, in part because they remembered the material clearly and were able to apply it to other courses. There was no consensus, however, on how well the course incorporated issues of gender and ethnicity.

Elizabeth Hodgson and David Spear hope that their summer work will help students recognize these themes more clearly. Last year the professors added gender as a sub-theme of the interdisciplinary course, and now they plan to expand their discussions of the role of race and ethnicity in Western culture, from ancient Egypt to the present.

Spear, coordinator of the Humanities sequence, offers a specific example from one of the earliest sources: Aristotle. The Greek philosopher's work on logic is a staple of the course, but as Spear says, "We've never really looked at what Aristotle says about women, and his writings in this area were highly influential. They lent authority, especially in Greece and later in the Middle Ages, to the view of the inferiority of women. It will be important to bring that out, at least as an explanation of where these opinions began."

Among other topics they hope to develop more fully are the way Shakespeare examines ethnicity's effect on the rise of nationalism in *Henry V*; the role of the slave trade in the colonization of the New World; the influence of women intellectuals on the Enlightenment; women's complicity in 19th-century imperialism; ethnicity in the Cold War; and contemporary feminist and ethnic literature.

Says Spear, "The Pew grant is important because it allows us to avoid ghettoizing these important issues. Rather than separate them as by, for and about women or people of color, we are able to integrate them into the whole course, to weave them into the fabric of what we're teaching."

"It will also bring us up to speed regarding issues in the academic world about the role of women and minorities. And I suspect it will spark more debate among our students."

Bill Blaker wants to show biology students how easy it is for the interpretation of test results to be affected by personal biases.

"People seem to think that if you're approaching something scientifically, you're automatically being objective about the process," he says. "But everyone brings inherent biases to the way they gather

and interpret data, and these biases can creep in, even with a rational approach."

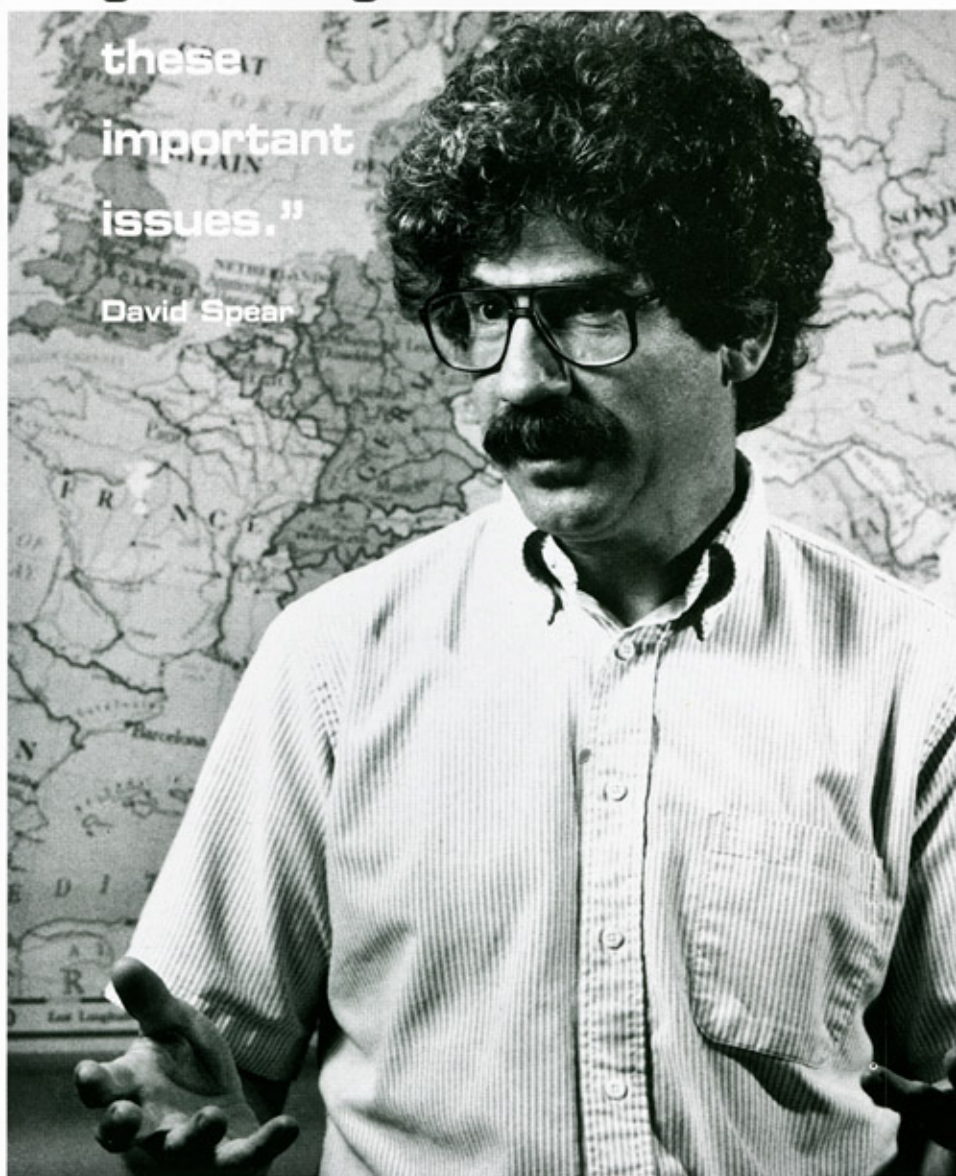
An example: In a study of animal behavior, scientists might interpret a lone male traveling with a group of females as a harem, and base much of their analysis of the group's activities on this assumption. But wouldn't it be just as easy, Blaker suggests, to say that the females needed only one male in their group — indeed, that they allowed only one male to join them? In short, he says, how you think about things can affect the way you communicate your impressions to others.

Blaker spent the summer examining his Biology 11 course, the introductory class for science majors, to see where he could integrate more gender issues in both the classroom and laboratory. The timing is good; women now make up over half of the biology majors at Furman. More significantly, the biology department recently revised its curriculum, consolidating two introductory courses into one and changing the philosophy of the

"The Pew grant is important because it allows us to avoid ghettoizing

these important issues."

David Spear



course from a more factual to a more conceptual approach. The department now wants to use the introductory course primarily to teach students to think like a biologist so that they might better assimilate material as they move through their courses.

"I'm not looking to throw in a different way of thinking to make up for past sins," Blaker says. "What I am hoping is to modify my labs and incorporate different examples into my lectures. The students will still get the same information, but the idea is to expand their thinking and help them realize that there is more than one way to approach things."

There are those, Blaker says, who argue that men and women view the world differently. The general perception, he says, is that men like to take a problem and reduce it to its simplest component; they "take things apart to see how they work." This method works fine in many scientific areas, not so well in others.

In contrast, Blaker says, women are considered more likely to take a holistic approach, to see the big picture. For example, in the study of ecology, a

woman would tend to observe how an organism operates in its environment, rather than removing the organism from its natural state.

Opposite approaches often produce different interpretations — which is just what Blaker wants students to know. "There are places throughout the course where I'll be able to incorporate different perspectives, such as when we talk about genetic engineering or reproductive technology. I want to integrate them naturally, present them as another way to look at things."

Obviously, a lot of effort has gone into revamping these courses, and the faculty received considerable help from their student assistants, who were known as Pew Fellows. The students' jobs ranged from reading and analyzing texts and developing bibliographies to discussing what material would appeal most to their peers. Says Horney of her assistant, Ali Rickard, "She has done an outstanding job. She has brought new perspectives to the work, and she has really benefited from having the chance just to read in her discipline." Perhaps most important, the students will be able to apply what they learned during the summer in all their classes. Several of the Pew Fellows are continuing to work with their professors as teaching assistants during the school year, and at least one, Laurie Steitler in biology, will also assist other professors in the department.

The faculty stipends provided by the Pew grant are another bonus, offering extra incentive to those who might not otherwise be able to afford the time or commitment to the project. It's rare for Furman professors to be paid to conduct research, and without the Pew stipends many of the professors would likely have spent the summer teaching instead.

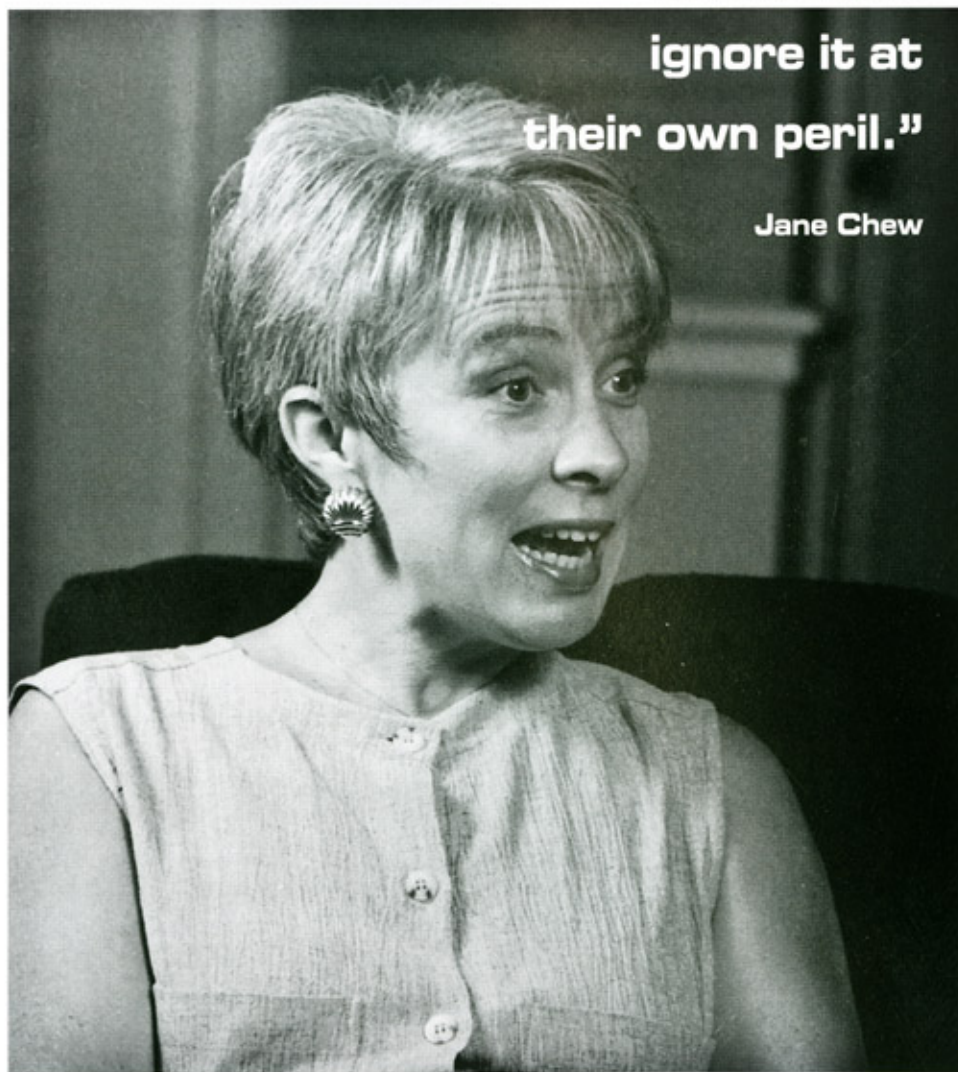
Not everyone, however, is totally behind the Pew project, although Chew says there has been little overt opposition to the program's goals. "The principal objection seems to be that there is neither room nor time to include more material in courses that are already tight," she says. "For example, the study of history has traditionally focused on diplomacy, politics, wars, treaties and legislation, while issues of gender and race tend to fall under the banner of social history. To incorporate nontraditional material, you must use different examples, give up certain things and cover different topics." And not all professors are willing to drop important subject matter to discuss what are, in their view, more marginal issues.

Of course, that's their prerogative — what is taught in the classrooms at

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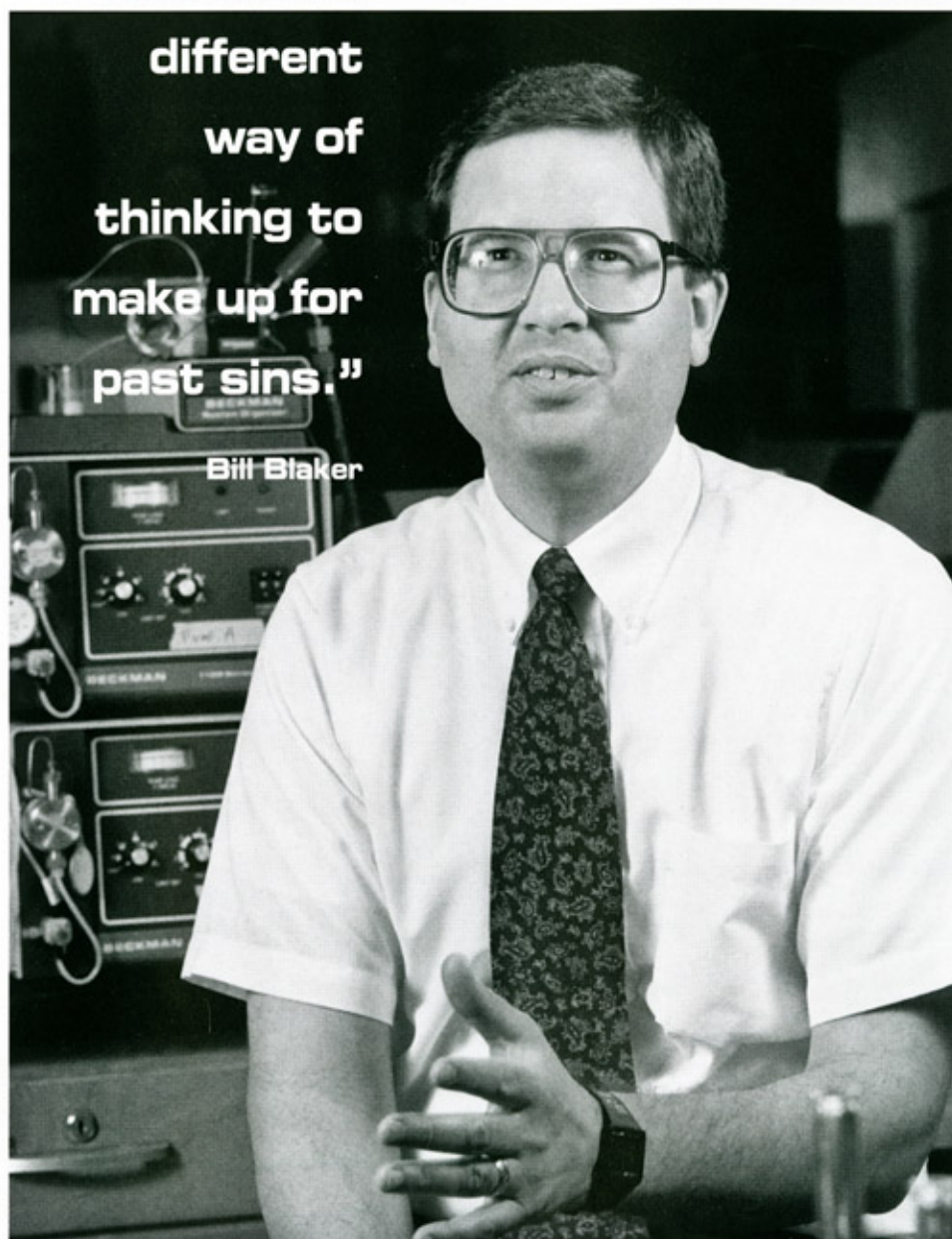
Jane Chew



**"I'm not
looking to
throw in a**

**different
way of
thinking to
make up for
past sins."**

Bill Blaker



sake, most Furman students are still more concerned about what material they have to know for a test. If the professor is not imparting the information to them through the traditional lecture format, why should they bother to pay attention? And will they take to new teaching strategies?

tive with other schools. Chew points out that Furman offers a "discouraging" number of courses on women's issues and even fewer that deal with race or ethnicity, especially when compared to such schools as Richmond, Rhodes or Davidson, with which Furman is often grouped.

Given Furman's current curricular setup, mainstreaming issues of race, gender and ethnicity through General Education courses seems the best approach. And as more nontraditional material is incorporated into General Education requirements, it is logical to assume that there will be a trickle-down effect into the advanced courses.

How much impact the Pew project will actually have is uncertain, but early reviews are positive. This summer's participants expect to share their findings with their departmental colleagues. It is also hoped that their enthusiasm will be contagious, although faculty interest already is good; 16 professors applied for the eight grants awarded this year. At the least, the work of this year's recipients will be a basis on which others can build, and the bibliographical material and other resources they compile will be readily accessible.

During 1994-95, the departments of English, religion, classical and modern languages, and philosophy will work with consultants on issues of gender, race and ethnicity, as did the departments of economics, psychology, education and history last year. Faculty and student fellowships will be available again next summer. In addition, the Pew committee plans to promote the project among prospective students, with the hope that it will encourage more minority students to enroll.

Perhaps the key to the project's success is student response, and Chew points to progress in this area as well. There is a small but solid core of students at Furman who want to know more about issues of race, gender and ethnicity. Faculty say they are seeing increased interest — and hearing fewer pencils drop — when they bring up these subjects in class, and enrollment has been strong in courses in African-American philosophy and the history of American women. By raising student awareness, the Pew grant will have accomplished one of its primary objectives.

Without question, the project's goal of integrating nontraditional perspectives across the curriculum is an ambitious one, particularly since the program is voluntary — and somewhat controversial. As Chew says, "This is an opportunity, not a mandate. But to have an impact, the Pew program will inevitably make some people uncomfortable. For it to be utterly painless would be not to do it at all." □

Furman is essentially left up to individual professors. No one is told what to do or how to teach. But Chew says, "The idea of rethinking how we present our disciplines is a direct outgrowth of the exciting work being done in the areas of gender and ethnic studies, and people ignore it at their own peril."

Another concern is that many students, and some faculty, are suspicious of any approach to teaching that is not cut from the professor-as-lecturer-and-authority-figure mold. Despite lofty pronouncements about enjoying learning for learning's

The Pew participants think that by introducing new examples and different classroom methods, they'll inject some needed enthusiasm and energy into the General Education courses — and ultimately ease the skeptics' concerns. As Chew says, "There is a place for experimental pedagogy. We can all gain from a variety of teaching and learning methods."

The process of bringing new perspectives and ideas into the curriculum is not an easy one, but those involved in the Pew program believe in its value, especially if Furman wants to remain competi-

THE ARAN ISLANDS

BY
WILLARD PATE





Bordered on one side by ancient crumbling cottages and on the other by modern bungalows, the house on Inishmaan where Synge spent his summers in the late 1800s now sits empty and abandoned (above). An Inishmore fisherman walks the stony path toward a horizon where the line between sea and sky is almost imperceptible (left).

To anyone walking along the Cliffs of Moher on Ireland's western shore, the Aran Islands rise like a mirage out of the sea. Three grey-white oversized stepping stones barely distinguishable from the mist, they beckon across the

five miles of water that some ancient geological rumblings and upheavals slashed between them and the rugged mainland.

To approach the Islands from the Cliffs is forbidden except through the imagination; but on all but the most inclement of days, boats and planes travel with speedy regularity the 30 miles between them and Galway to the north.

That was not always the case. When the Irish playwright John Millington Synge first visited the Islands around the turn of the century, he was dependent on the Galway steamer, which sailed with the tide several times weekly if weather permitted. And a few years before Synge's visit, the only passage was on Galway hookers, single-masted sailboats that fished the waters off the islands and brought turf (which we learned in grade school to call peat) and other supplies from the mainland. The hookers were slow and sailed only in fair weather, so they were hardly a reliable passenger service.

Born to affluent parents in what is now a suburb of Dublin, Synge studied at Trinity College before traveling to the Continent to pursue a literary career. But while in Paris he met the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats, who, he later claimed, urged him to find his subject matter in the remote western regions of his own country. Actually, Synge already had something of a family connection with the Islands, for his uncle had been a Protestant minister there in the 1850s.

In any case, at six o'clock one misty morning in the summer of 1898, Synge's steamer left the quay in Galway, and a little over three hours later landed at the pier in Kilronan, the largest village on Inishmore, the largest of the three islands. A few days later, Synge left Inishmore to settle into a room in a thatched cottage on Inishmaan, the middle island. That room was to be his home for the next few summers.

In his summers on Inishmaan (with

occasional trips back to Inishmore or over to Inisheer, the smallest of the islands and the one closest to the mainland) Synge listened to tales told around the turf fire burning on the kitchen hearth, witnessed the rituals of life and burial, and walked the landscape of stone. One published result was *The Aran Islands*, a sympathetic but unromanticized portrait of a rugged people eking out their triumphs in a rugged world. Another was the one-act play *Riders to the Sea*, later turned into an opera by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

The islands that
John Millington Synge
made famous
a hundred years ago
still beckon
travelers to their
rocky shores.

With *Riders to the Sea* Synge translated the struggles of the islanders into myth: Nora has lost a husband and six fisherman sons to the all-powerful sea, the giver of livelihood and the destroyer of life. She, her two daughters, and the other Island women mourn their loss, but accept it as their lot in the larger cycle of fate.

Synge undoubtedly made the Aran Islands famous in literary circles. And certainly his *Aran Islands* is one of the most accessible records of life there almost a hundred years ago. But Synge was neither the first nor the last visitor to the Islands. Before and after him came the geologists to measure the layers of limestone set down millions of years before, the archaeologists to sift through the stones of prehistoric forts, the naturalists to note the myriad species of flora and fauna, and the poets to make authentic their dreams of antiquity.

Poets, naturalists, historians, linguists, geologists and archaeologists still explore



the Islands. But the bulk of visitors now are tourists disembarking from boats, with names like *Rose of Aran* or *Queen of Aran*, that have raced each other across Galway Bay.

Such an influx of tourism and money has changed, is changing and will continue to change the Islands. But change is nothing new. After all, a hundred years ago even Synge left Kilronan on Inishmore to live on Inishmaan because the Galway hookers had sailed into Kilronan with too much prosperity and too much of the English language: "I have decided to move on to Inishmaan, where Gaelic is more generally used, and the life is perhaps the most primitive that is left in Europe."

Most of the tourists, especially those out for a day excursion, visit Inishmore, where the Galway hookers of Synge's day are long gone — as is, according to the locals, the fishing industry itself. Men who perhaps used to go down to the sea now line the pier to form a noisy fleet of weather-carved faces hawking island tours via donkey cart. Ten pounds will buy an hour or two of the donkey's clapping pace and the guide's loquaciousness. For those more inclined to longer expeditions or solitude, a couple of shops just minutes away offer row upon row of beat-up bicycles which rent for two or three pounds a day. And there is always the possibility of walking.

Whether on foot, bicycle or donkey

hoof, anyone leaving the pier goes immediately into Kilronan, a crossroads collection of assorted tourist shops that sell T-shirts, sweatshirts, hamburgers, fish and chips, tea and biscuits, beer, steaks and authentic Island crafts. Kilronan is Inishmore's, indeed all of Aran's, most visible monument to a modicum of prosperity. But it is not the only one. New bungalows, some of them comfortable guest houses, dot the roadways in all directions on all three of the Islands. And a few automobiles now vie with the bicycles and donkey carts for space on the narrow roads.

The romantic undoubtedly decries the new (except perhaps inside the guest house) and searches for the picturesque as representative of the past. Certainly the picturesque is there in the whitewashed thatched cottage, the old woman knitting a white sweater in her sunlit doorway, the turf fire in the tearoom. And on a crisp midsummer day, when puffs of white clouds meander through the blue sky and ripples barely break the surface of the sea, a simple paradise seems still to exist — at least outside of Kilronan.

But the clouds can turn fierce. And all the elemental forces that have crossed the north Atlantic untamed by intervening landfall can crash with spectacular might into the stoney ground of Aran.

Even today, life in that rough world can

While many of the thatched cottages on the Islands have been abandoned for more modern structures, a newly whitewashed cottage on Inishmaan remains both inhabited and picture-postcard perfect.

be hard. A hundred years ago — when the Galway steamer crossed the bay infrequently; when the fickle sea offered the only livelihood; when potatoes, planted in tiny plots reclaimed from the stone by hauling kelp from the water's edge, could turn black from the blight; when the English landlord could turn the tenant outdoors — to live in that world could be cruel.

Yes, life for the natives has changed with the arrival of the tourists. But the landscape itself has changed little. In his poem "Easter 1916," Yeats wrote of "a terrible beauty" in Ireland. He was referring to the spirit of the patriots who fought against the English in what has come to be known as the Easter uprising, but "terrible beauty" describes the landscape of Aran as well: jagged cliffs pounded by the sea, delicate yellow cowslips sprouting from the rivers of pocked stone, mile after mile after mile of stones gathered to make walls going nowhere, pockets of daisies growing in the tiny fields, hundreds of gulls screeching into the wind.

Perhaps the most spectacular site on all of Aran is Dun Aengus, the prehistoric fort crowning the tallest cliffs of Inishmore. Prehistoric structures are part of the landscape on all the islands, but by virtue of its location, Dun Aengus is the most famous

and, for the tourist on the quick trip out from Galway, usually the culmination of the visit — the must-see spot, like the Winged Victory in the Louvre. And like the Winged Victory, Dun Aengus has the majesty to overwhelm, to demand that the guidebook be cast aside in the awe of the moment itself.

Consisting of three semicircular terraced stone walls built to the edge of the cliff that rises 270 feet from the sea below, the Dun is shrouded in mystery. Its origin is unknown; its function is unknown. Perhaps it was built as some shrine to the ancient gods. Certainly that would be appropriate, for there where land and sea and the aspirations of humankind come together, even a hundred or so chattering tourists climbing over the stones must, for a moment at least, feel the paradox of being simultaneously dwarfed and rendered ecstatic.

In Synge's day, the Galway steamer traveled sometimes to Inishmaan and Inisheer as well as to the larger Inishmore. Today tourist boats come relatively frequently even to these smaller islands, but their disembarking passengers are far fewer than on Inishmore. And while prosperity has visited these islands — the descendants of Synge's hosts have built a sturdy bungalow behind the old thatched cottage — they

Dressed in traditional tweeds and smoking his pipe in front of the fire in the two-room, thatched cottage he shares with his wife, a retired fisherman on Inisheer now weaves baskets to sell to tourists.





seem less invaded, quieter, more coherent. That's especially true of Inishmaan. Although vestiges of the old dress and customs do remain, along with the picturesque (and often uninhabited) thatched cottages, life there is certainly no longer the "primitive" life that Synge described. Yet it does seem uncluttered by the comings and goings of the rest of the world — almost as if time stopped on Sunday and never gave the hustle and bustle of Monday morning a chance to start.

Inishmaan and Inisheer have been protected to some extent by their size. Nowhere near the eight-mile length and the two-mile width of Inishmore, neither of the other islands can accommodate visiting hoards. In addition, neither has what might be termed a "real" harbor to dock larger vessels — or more than one vessel at a time, for that matter. Boats tie up at short slips built from the rocky shore into the sea, unload their passengers and supplies in frenzied haste, and then pull away into the safer, deeper water. And on those days when the sea is in a rage, no boats can dock at all.

Undoubtedly the curse and blessing of tourism will continue to creep into the crevices of all three of the Islands. And the information superhighway, with its offering of instant access to everything from menus

to movies, will probably build its inescapable bridges as well. But for now, Inishmaan, Inisheer and even Inishmore retain their individuality. They are not the mirage they appear to be from the Cliffs of Moher; they are as solid as the stones of their shores and fields. Nor are they museums to the past, although the past still lingers there. And they are worth a journey — or even a quick trip across Galway Bay. □

Professor of English Willard Pate, who has traveled to the Aran Islands a number of times, took the photographs on these pages over a period of several years.

Friendly donkeys roam freely on Inishmaan and the other Islands (above). Like a number of natives of Aran, this woman on Inishmaan immigrated at one time to the United States but after a number of years returned to the simpler life of the Islands(right).



Just LILLIAN



BY TERRY WALTERS

*Mayor pro tem
and award-winning
teacher, Lillian Brock
Flemming is a moving
force in the Greenville
community.*

Welcome . . . The Flemmings" — reads the sign that greets you when you step onto the spacious, tree-shaded front porch of a large white corner house in the Southernside neighborhood of Greenville. The message is hardly necessary, because in this part of town, everyone knows the Flemmings and knows they'll find abundant welcome and help, if needed, at 118 Asbury Avenue.

The June morning I visited Lillian Brock Flemming '71, Greenville's mayor pro tem, was probably typical. As we talked — seated on a comfortable sofa in her front hallway — Lillian greeted a woman who was dropping a leaflet through the screen door ("Hi, babe, how come you're out in all this heat? Get you some Gatorade!") and took

several calls from a young man who sought her help in finding a job; her youngest son breezed through on his way to the community center run by Lillian's mother; and her husband, the Reverend J.M., came home after checking on a new low-income home he'd helped build in the neighborhood.

The family is committed to helping others. Talk about a welcome: A young woman from out of town came to their door four and a half years ago and asked, "Could I come in? I hate to do this to you, but I was told if I needed help I should come here." She was a battered wife, terrified of her husband, and had fled home with just a small bag of personal belongings. To Lillian, "She was just a scary, timid young child with no place to stay."

The Flemmings put a bed in the front room, and the young woman stayed . . . for two years. They helped her earn a practical nursing license, and now she is well established, living with relatives in Alabama and planning to become a registered nurse. Lillian says, "She calls us every couple of months — calls us Mom and Dad — and I cannot believe we have a kid 25 years old!"

She adds, "Our children (Davit, J.M. II and Emanuel) have to be extraordinary children because they didn't mind at all!" Not then nor when the Flemmings took in a troubled foster son for over two years. The boys have grown up in a family where helping is a way of life, having learned, as their daddy preaches, "To whom much is given, much is required."

Lillian's concern for others goes back to her parents, Lila Mae and James Brock. Especially "my mama, oh yes!" Longtime residents of Southernside, the senior Brocks had been helping people informally over the years. Then, after Mrs. Brock retired from running an elementary school lunchroom, she became so concerned about her downtrodden neighborhood that she prevailed on City Council to turn a large vacant house into the Southernside Community Center. Ever since, she has spent 10 hours a day as a volunteer, running the

center, feeding the elderly and street people, taking loving care of young and old. Now 79, she was also a leader in the creation of a 68-unit housing project for the elderly that was named — despite her protests — in her honor.

Over the years, Mrs. Brock has won many awards, including the Order of the Palmetto (the state's highest civilian award) and a Jefferson Award for Humanitarian Service. But the awards are almost incidental. Lillian's mom always told her, "In life God depends on you to be His hands and His eyes and His ears and it's just part of your nature to help people. If you don't help people, then you lose a great opportunity." Lillian says, "She's right. Life is so much richer because of all the friends and others that you help."

J.M. shares the family commitment. He is pastor of a church in Pacolet, outside of Spartanburg, with all the duties that job entails. He is also, as Lillian puts it, "God's gift to volunteerism." Holder of a graduate degree in theology from Morris College and a degree in clinical pastoral education from the Greenville Hospital System, he is chair of the Concerned Citizens for Equal Justice, which handles cases of discrimination; coordinator of the Southernside community project that builds low-income housing; former director of the

community center; and founder of a chapter of the NAACP.

He is constantly counseling people. "I laugh at him," Lillian says, "because it seems he accepts collect calls from every jail in South Carolina. I tell him he's no lawyer, but he insists, 'Sometimes people just need someone to talk to and it's nothing to answer a question, send them in the right direction . . . that's no problem!'" J.M. has won his share of awards, including four Jefferson Award nominations.

The Flemmings, who met at Greenville's Sterling High School, began dating several years after Lillian graduated from Furman. They married in 1980, but lived apart for a year while J.M. finished seminary. He had planned to take a church in Virginia, but Lillian wasn't about to leave Southernside. "I wanted to stay in this neighborhood because I felt I couldn't do anyone any good if I moved from the neighborhood I loved."

By that time, Lillian was already a leader in the community and in her chosen profession of teaching. Her success as a teacher was almost immediate.

Lillian teaches an Algebra II class at Southside High School, where she has won a number of teaching awards.



Just a year after becoming a math teacher at Southside High School, she was the school's nominee for Outstanding Secondary Teacher of America; two years later, she was chosen the school's Outstanding Teacher of the Year, an honor she won again this year, when she went on to be third runner-up for District Teacher of the Year. In the early 1980s, she was president of the Greenville County Education Association.

Her principal, Dr. David Samore, says: "Lillian is without question one of the most well-respected and valued people on my campus. She is the complete teacher, who teaches children from the time she walks in in the morning until the time she goes home and even then, that's not the end of her day.

"Lillian has been department chair for a long time, a job without extra pay or other benefits. This year, I worked into the schedule a free period for chairs, but Lillian refused to take hers, because it would put an added burden on her colleagues. That's how much she cares about other people."

Lillian's approach to teaching is full of good humor and warmth. She has no

patience with teachers who are hard on youngsters, who act like "enemies" of their students. "I tell my principal to please hire only teachers who are here for the kids. As a teacher, you've got to realize the impression you can have on kids, how you can affect what they'll do the rest of their lives."

She earns hugs as well as awards. She says, "It's so fine when you're in the grocery store and somebody you taught maybe 20 years before introduces you, 'She was my teacher!' I may not even remember them, but I hug and kiss them just the same."

Lillian the political figure exudes the same affection and concern for others. She had served on a number of citizen groups and was vice-chair of the city's community development steering committee when in 1981 she was asked to run for City Council. Pregnant at the time, she was reluctant to run: "I'd never known a pregnant councilwoman!" But she went on to be elected that May and has been re-elected three times. In 1987, her colleagues chose her mayor pro tem, an office she has held ever since.

It is a treat to watch Lillian preside over council. As she says, "I don't like that starchy attitude!" And there's no starch when she's in the chair. Relaxed, yet businesslike, she presides with great consideration, listening carefully, offer-



ing clarification when needed, inviting others to speak out.

Councilwoman Elizabeth Gower says, "She is committed to doing things right. She says exactly what she thinks, but she's also willing to admit when she's wrong. With that booming, lyrical voice,



A great listener, Lillian presides as mayor pro tem at a public hearing in Greenville City Hall about a proposed change in election dates.



she laughs a lot and calls people 'Sweetie,' her favorite term. But it isn't at all demeaning — it's just Lillian."

Gower adds, "She's very much committed to African-American causes, but she's not so focused that she doesn't see the big picture. She works for the whole community."

The job as mayor pro tem takes Lillian all over the city of Greenville, the county and beyond. She has cut ribbons in Simpsonville, attended family reunions in Easley, welcomed Irish children to Taylors, and greeted bicyclers and dancers from India at Furman.

Always, it's with a great sense of fun. She says, "We may be elected officials but we're also human beings, and we shouldn't be stuck up." She and her colleagues are not above dancing the "City Council Shuffle" in the back of a pickup truck during a downtown parade, or donning Santa hats to hand out candy at Christmas. Once, after Mayor Bill Workman had fallen off his bicycle, Lillian interrupted a subsequent council meeting to present him a proclamation — and training wheels.

Lillian credits much of her success to attending Furman. "It gave me a whole different approach to life — that I could tackle anything. When you grow up in an environment where you see all black people all the time, then go to a school where you see all white people all the time, then you have got to — somehow — figure out who you are. And then make up your mind as to what you want to do and what you want to be to people.

Furman gave me that opportunity. I got a chance to just be Lillian. And in this world, the only way we're going to survive is to realize that we all belong together and we have to get along."

When she enrolled in 1967, Lillian was one of the first three African-American women students at Furman. Both her high school counselor and her good friend Joe Vaughn, Furman's first African-American student, had encouraged her to attend Furman, rather than any of the other colleges that had offered her scholarships. And, because Lillian is asthmatic, her mom really wanted her to stay near home.

It can't have been easy to be a pioneer, but Lillian has nothing but positive things to say about her experience and the people at Furman — especially professors like Schaefer Kendrick, Ed Jones, Gene Johnson and Tom Bacon and her advisor, Theron Price. She remembers Johnson ("a sweet person") telling her he had never taught a black student and asking what he should do differently. "Just be sure you don't mispronounce any words that have to do with black people," was her reassuring advice.

The girls had plenty of fun — no surprise to anyone who knows the ebullient personalities of Lillian and her roommate Sarah Reese. Lillian tells several stories that show the humor they found in their unique situation. When she and Sarah decided to straighten each other's hair with a hot comb (according to Lillian, a smelly and steamy process), the whole dorm rushed to see what was

going on. One girl asked Lillian, "What are you doing, killing her?" The girls, black and white, ended up feeling each other's hair to discover the differences. Lillian says, "It was hilarious!"

Once during their sophomore year, Sarah and Lillian and suitemates Jackie Goggins and Dottie Hill were taking study breaks by telling jokes. When Dottie launched into a long tale and then could not remember the punch line, the others locked her out of the suite. She complained to Head Resident Imo Tumblin that she had been locked out because she was darker than the others. Lillian says, "Miss Tumblin just couldn't deal with that. She told us, 'I'm ashamed of you girls. I don't think that's valid!' We had to stand there politely and listen to Miss Tumblin give us a little sermon on how it was wrong to discriminate against this girl and the truth is, Dottie simply couldn't tell a long joke."

The college friends have remained close, especially Lillian and Sarah (now a well-known opera singer). Lillian says, "Whenever we get together the rest of the world may as well leave."

Lillian has kept close ties to the university. She served a term on the alumni board and she has been especially helpful with minority students. When Artie Travis joined the staff to head up the Office of Minority Student Affairs, about the first advice he received was to look up Lillian Flemming. He says, "She has been so helpful — sometimes she has students over for dinner on Sunday, and she is a great resource during



Black History Month. And, with her civic activities, she's just the perfect role model for our students. That's why we named our leadership award for women students the Lillian Brock Flemming Award."

How does Lillian manage to do all she does? "I pray a lot!" she says with a robust laugh. Her husband, mother and children are very supportive, and it helps that J.M. "is the master chef." Having already remodeled their home extensively, he had big plans for this summer. The day before our interview, he surprised Lillian by announcing he was going to redo the entire house. Although she was obviously thrilled over J.M.'s surprise, Lillian added with another of those wonderful laughs, "Keep in mind who is going to have to do all the cleaning up!"

As part of redoing the house, J.M.

planned to make a wall for Lillian's many awards. From the Girl Scouts, an Elks Club, the "Little Miss Sweethearts," they're scattered all over the house, including the most recent, a humanitarian award for lifelong leadership from the Greenville County Human Relations Commission.

Asked if she has plans to run for any other political office, Lillian says she doesn't have any concrete plans, "but there are several people who say they are my campaign manager to run for this, that and the other." She adds, "I'm going to stop and take time and think about it when I have a moment." She likes politics on the local level: "You're closer to the people. You can ride in the Christmas parade and then you get out and you walk through the crowd . . . talk to everybody and see all your friends."

J.M. and Lillian relax on their porch with sons Emanuel and J.M. All three of their sons excel at track and qualified for the Southern Regional Junior Olympics this year.

Her faith is the center of Lillian's life: "The most important thing in my life is the Lord. He's the only thing that keeps me going when I get tired — boy, do I get tired — and when I get a little bit depressed because I think I'm just spinning wheels instead of going somewhere."

The momentary discouragement passes, and Lillian is up and going again. Wouldn't I like to meet her mama? Of course. We walk together out the front door and down a couple of blocks to the Southernside center. On the way Lillian has a special word — or a hug — for everyone she meets. These are her people, the people Lillian loves. □

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